

SPECIAL NUMBER

# WAR CRY

THE  
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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THE

## Triumphant Pull-in.

BY THE EDITOR.

TIME was when the gallant  
coxwain and his brave  
men looked out across  
those dark and furious  
billows to where, through  
the murky darkness, a  
noble vessel was foundering. Out  
there men—aye, perhaps women and

Divine and human love demanded that  
all should be risked to save those  
ready to perish, and so the coxwain  
and his crew launched out into the  
deep.

NOW see the pull in. They come

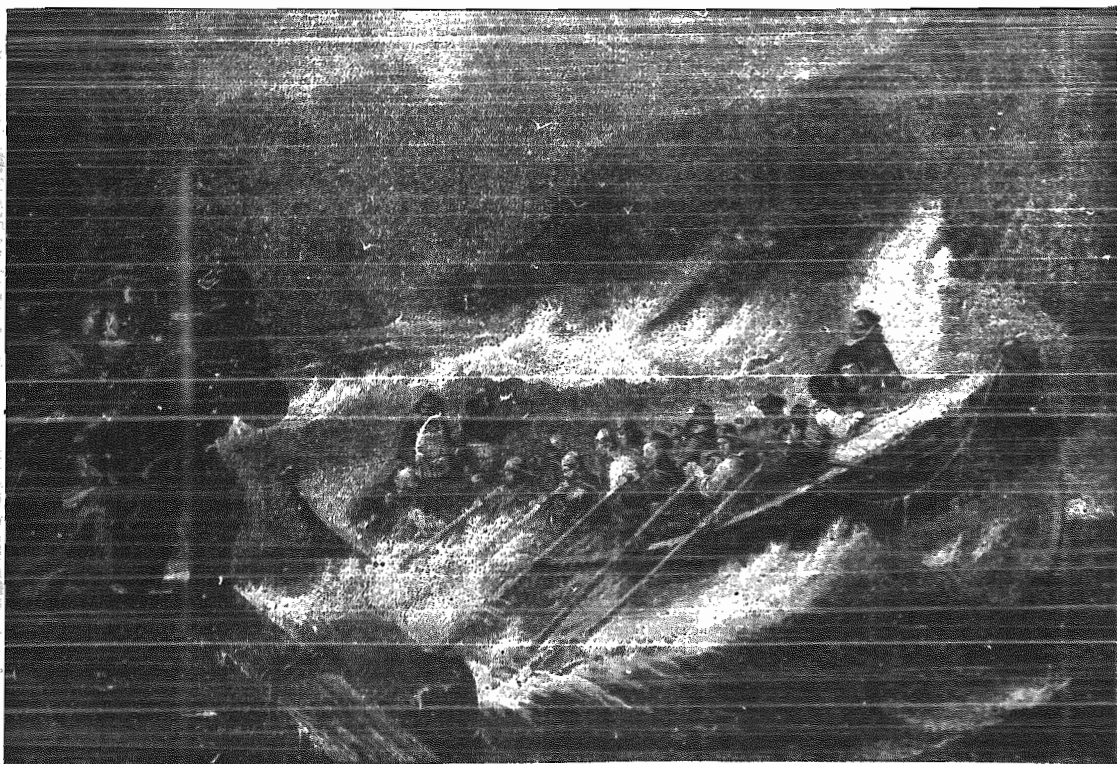
it! Thank God, safe home again."

Never were those bronzed  
and brawny men so satisfied with them-  
selves, or so godlike in the eyes of  
others, as when, dashing the salt spray  
from their bearded faces and throwing  
off their oilskin coats, they stepped  
ashore with their living charges amidst  
the shouts and cheers of their loved  
ones along the shore.

Long may such men be found in our  
land. Men who will run in the teeth  
of the toughest storm in order to save  
the perishing.

dant and Mrs. Booth, with their noble  
crew of officers and soldiers, stood  
four years ago gazing out at the  
storm, and hesitated not to launch  
out on their work of salvation.

The vast, comprehensive manœuvres  
of this Salvation boat from '92 to '96  
are set forth in this issue of the WAR  
CRY. We thank God and lay the  
glory at Jesus' feet for the perfectly  
marvellous success of the four years  
just completed. Through storm and  
tempest our God-given leaders have  
been enabled to head this Salvation



children—were in danger of being  
engulfed in the angry waves. The  
coxwain and his men have each a wife  
and home to think of. To launch out  
on such a sea is to skim the very jaws  
of destruction. Self-preservation de-  
mands that they consider themselves  
first, but—but—hark! hark! there  
goes the minute gun! What is to be  
done!

laden with their precious human  
freightage. The perishing mariners  
have been saved. Soon they will set  
foot on the solid land, safe and sound.  
"Ahoy there! Catch the rope,  
boys, and haul her in. That's it, that's

### SALVATION ARMY TO THE RESCUE.

AND now for a retrospective  
glance. Our Coxwains, the Comman-

boat direct for the salvation of the  
perishing, and the upbuilding of the  
Army. Hallelujah!

Read, comrades, the record in the  
following pages, then join with us in  
singing "All hail the power of Jesus'  
name," and offer the prayer that this  
work may still prosper, and that God's  
guidance and blessing may continue  
to be vouchsafed to the Commandant  
and Mrs. Booth in the greater sphere  
of Salvation Army service which  
awaits them in Australia.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,  
Let angels prostrate fall,  
Bring forth the royal diadem  
And crown Him Lord of all."

The law of self-sacrifice is a higher  
law than that of self-preservation;

A REVIEW OF THE

# GRAND - MARCH - PAST - OF - EVENTS

DURING

The Four Years Since **COMMANDANT** and **MRS. H. H. BOOTH** took  
Command of the Forces in this Territory.

## "Co-Operation with God Our Privilege."

WANTED, MEN OF ACTION MORE THAN TALK.

"The Church can save the world when it  
cleans."—THE GENERAL.



HERE is a story  
told how, one  
Sunday morn-  
ing, William  
Wilberforce  
called on THOS.  
CLARKSON, the

great man in whom the abolition of  
the slave trade had its origin. Wilber-  
force had been to church, but he found  
Clarkson surrounded by papers and  
letters connected with the anti-slavery  
movement, on which he had been at  
work all the morning.

Wilberforce said to him as he saw  
this: "Clarkson, do you ever think  
of your soul?"

"I have not time to think of any-  
thing," replied Clarkson, "until I get  
these poor slaves liberated."

One may not approve entirely of the  
reply, but we can never be wrong in  
remembering what our Lord said, that  
our KNOWING will always depend on  
our DOING—"If any man will do My  
will he shall know of the doctrine."

The old Benedictine monks used to  
inscribe over their cells and monasteries,  
"Labore est orare"—to work is to  
pray—and certainly we may say that is  
very poor praying which does not realize  
itself in working.

"OH, FOR PROFESSIONS THAT ACT!"

## The Coming of Command- ant and Mrs. Booth.

"THE AVERAGE MAN DRIFTS WITH  
THE TIDE." Not so the Com-  
mandant, for those who



know him best—and  
therefore admire him  
most—can bear un-  
failing evidence that

when once he is convinced of the  
necessity or utility of a course of action,  
whatever the obstacles in the way may  
be, or however repugnant it may be to  
his tastes or feelings, he will neither  
falter nor faint, but push his way  
through to the end, though impossible  
mountains should rise, and Red Seas  
threaten to overflow.

Moreover in the creed of the Com-  
mandant and Mrs. Booth it is under-  
lined with especial emphasis that reli-  
gion is not merely a passive acceptance  
of certain statements of faith, but an  
everyday indwelling reality that alone  
can enable men and women to come  
up to their high standard as professed  
followers, in deed as well as in name,  
of the divine Preacher of Nazareth.

On these principles of faith and per-  
severance they have been enabled to  
mount above all the enigmas of govern-  
ment that beset the administration in  
this territory. Before six weeks had  
passed the deathly forces of disunion  
and distrust commenced to agitate to  
the surface, developing and displaying  
the hidden mischief more and more.  
No sooner one aggravating perplexity  
demolished than we were plunged into  
another, but when, through the pressure

of adverse circumstances, it would be  
only reasonable to suppose the Com-  
mandant's aggressive spirit must appear  
bowed down before such odds, instead  
he rises buoyantly to the surface, alert  
on deck, and ready for the next new  
sensation from whatever quarter it  
might come.

## Four Years Ago.

"THE secret," said the Command-  
ant, as he sailed for our western  
world, "the secret of suc-  
cessful administration is  
to put yourself into har-  
mony, to link yourself up  
with the principles that rule God Al-  
mighty's universe." This has been the  
foundation-stone upon which our mag-  
nificent advance has been established,  
and twelve pages of the WAR CRY are  
summed up only for the merest outline in  
miniature of this grand march-past of  
events.

"THE PRINCIPLES OF RIGHTE-  
OUSNESS must triumph in the long run."  
Inspired with this confidence our ranks  
have pressed forward with faith and  
courage, with the dauntless, daring  
spirit of those who know they are living  
alone for others.

All the resolution of conviction was  
needed from the very outset, for as  
he touched our shores in June, 1892,  
our new leader found himself con-  
fronted by the most appalling and  
serious difficulties. The exchequer  
was most painfully embarrassed, and  
finances at the centre were in a dis-  
tinctly strained condition, partly owing  
to a universal commercial depression,  
and partly through various other causes  
that were at the root of the matter.  
Corps were utterly unable to square  
their accounts, to pay their rent, or to  
subscribe in the legitimate and regula-  
tion manner towards the support of  
Divisional or Territorial centres. As a

result the Commandant arrived to find  
Headquarters in a serious dilemma, since  
it relies to a large extent upon these  
payments from the field to meet de-  
mands due.

The Commandant at once emphati-  
cally took his stand on the conviction,  
shared by the troops at large, that it  
could not be according to the will of  
God that His Army should be thus  
handicapped. He declared, moreover,  
that there must be a way out to be dis-  
covered somewhere. With the energy  
of faith he sounded out a clear call to  
the length and breadth of the field to  
rise up in the strength of the Lord,  
and give the grim monster, debt, notice  
to quit.

## Difficulties.

THE world, it has been affirmed,  
IS A CONSPIRACY OF PREJUDICE.

There is scarcely a single great reform against  
which the handed pow-  
ers of evil have not  
organized their dead-  
liest opposition. Cer-  
tainly the Salvation Army has been no  
exception to this rule, and we are al-  
most inclined to think that it is in this  
corner of the battlefield the arch-enemy  
has aimed against us his deadliest and  
most poisonous darts.

The most dreadful of warfare is not  
fought to the sound of the rattle of the  
enemy's musketry, when the flash of the  
sabre shines full in one's face, when  
the smoke of the powder spurs one  
into action, and sets us on our mettle.  
It is then—when the powers of dis-  
couragement, disunion, and depression  
sweep in upon us with a ghastly train  
of horror and dereliction. It is to  
the paralysis of distrust we can most  
often trace defeat. Unfaithfulness and  
doubt have been the sunken dangers  
that have wrecked many a flourishing

cause and demoralized whole com-  
munities. Disunion is Satan's mas-  
terpiece. It is the devil's wedge of  
wedges, driven in between pure hearts  
and true spirits. When fretful  
creeps within the ranks then a can-  
ker-worm gnaws at our vital force. "When  
praise leaves the heart then backsliding  
begins," and the battle has already  
turned against us.

So in addition to problems of finance  
the Commandant found arrayed against  
him the powers of treachery, doubt and  
disloyalty. But the memories here are  
too painful! We would fain draw the  
curtain, for "the hardest wounds to  
heal are the ones inflicted by those  
who were our friends." It is enough  
to know that Canada has learned in a  
fiery furnace of experience that unity  
and loyalty to our principles, our  
leaders, and to one another, are es-  
sential to success. In spite of seasons  
and opposition enough to freeze our  
warmest faith, we have clung in the  
ranks in such bonds of affection and  
enthusiasm as we have never supposed  
in all our history.

## Then and Now.

TO CONSOLIDATE IS NOT TO STOP  
SHORT."

IT is one thing to be able to ex-  
ecute noble plans, it is quite another  
to have nerve  
enough to execute  
to carry them into  
PRACTICE. The  
Commandant  
has been said to

a genius at rearing his own dream.  
"ACTION," from the outset, was the  
watchword. ENCOURAGEMENT was the  
keynote for advance. This, then, was  
the banner that waved above our bat-  
talions. So now it comes to pass that  
those dark days of baffling defeat and  
icy discouragement are left far behind  
us, sinking unregretted into the dis-  
tance of the past, whilst "Victory"  
is spelt in bright, triumphant capital  
on every page of our record.

Although the powers against us have  
been bitter and concentrated, in spite  
of the malign and unscrupulous mach-  
inations of those who would oppose us—  
men and devils—we have fought our  
way through, while our cause has been  
vindicated in every instance.

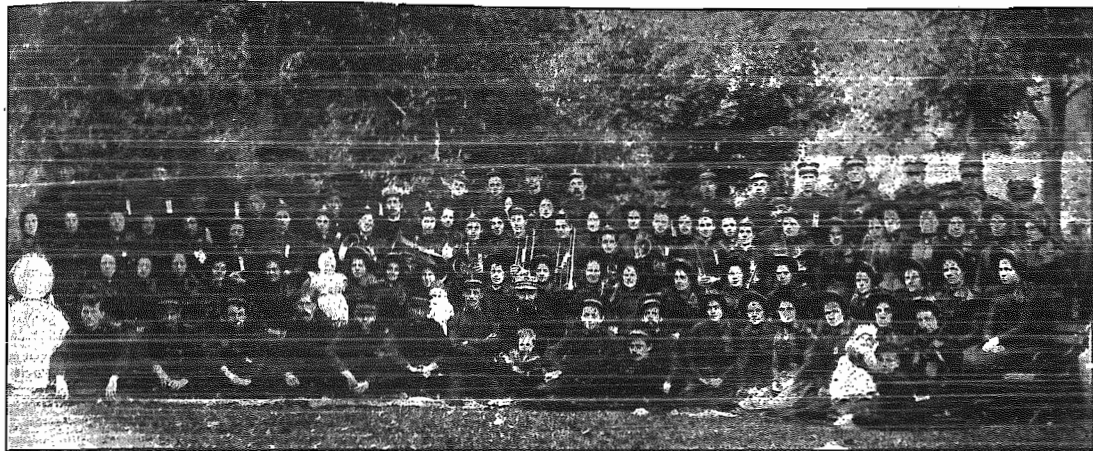
Our Standard of the Cross thus  
higher to-day than ever, defying the  
powers of hell, though they have de-  
vised their utmost best to subvert  
this wing of our universal Army, espe-  
cially bringing certain influences to bear  
upon our centre in order that we might  
be forced of necessity to alter our at-  
titude of uncompromising hostility to  
the world, the flesh and the devil.

No doubt at that time, had we  
dropped our flag and pandered to the  
tastes of an ease-loving element, we  
might have made a greater display at  
far as noise and numbers were con-  
cerned, but, by the grace of God, we  
refused to modify our measures, we  
adapted our principles to suit the times.  
Now, therefore, to-day "No Com-  
promise" is painted at our mast and our  
our blood-stained colors wave at

TRAVELLING BY DOG-SLEIGH.



CAPT. SMITH AND LIEUT. ALLARD, OF RAUL'S REG'T.



OFFICERS OF THE PROVINCE OF WEST ONTARIO.—A representative group. Out of the ninety-five now fighting, forty-six have been accepted during the Commandant's command.

## Our Fighting Force.

OFFICERS AND CADETS, FEB., '06 .... 827  
LOCAL OFFICERS, FEB., '06 ..... 1,337  
BANDSMEN, " ..... 307

"THE tendency to persevere,"—we are quoting Carlyle—"to persist, in spite of hindrance, discouragements and impossibilities—it is this that in all things distinguishes the strong soul from the weak."

Judged by this standard, the officers of our part of the continent, Staff and Field, will rank among the finest to be found the wide world over. The keenness of the fight has kept them to their knees. The spiritual thermometer registers high. The spirit of the typical Salvationist animates them all. Not so much the sacred sentiment of the soul that fain would

"Sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss."

but the Divine impulse of the Cross, that CRYSTALLIZES INTO ACTION; the sentiment that impels our people to put both hands to the plough, both shoulders to the wheel; the sentiment that enables them to endure hardship, to stand faithful to the cause of a dying world, and to prove themselves strong with determined grit confirmed by grace.

Among the most remarkable features of the Commandant's regime have been the Officers' Councils, refreshing the hearts of our warriors, rich in achievement, wonderful for their reviving depth of sympathy, good cheer, and courage; where all together the Lord's anointed have had their souls inflamed with new baptism of Divine love and power for the war; whilst their minds have been broadened by contact with one another.

The development of the ability for service and fighting capacity of many individual officers has been astonishing, alike to other people and to themselves. Whilst there has been loss by desertion, new blood has invigorated the ranks, and the gaps have been more than supplied.

Thanks to the faith of the Commandant and Mrs. Booth in the consecrated powers of humanity, many of the least expected have sprung from comparative insignificance or inaction into the front places of the fight, their latent ability asserting itself when pressed into posts of responsibility.

No small stimulus has been added by the knowledge that our leader, with his careless-of-consequence spirit, despite the repeated and serious attacks and warnings of a weakened health,

has been marching before us at the top-notch of physical endurance and mental activity, whilst Headquarters, both Central and Provincial, have been striding along in a perpetual condition of patient, plodding, persistent work.

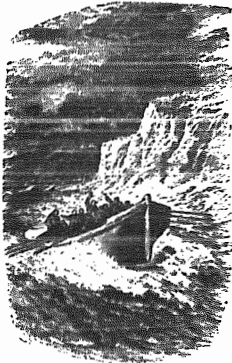
Among our comrades promoted to Glory we count some of Heaven's aristocracy. Major Jewer, Staff-Captain Jones (Mrs. Booth's faithful Private Secretary), Mrs. Ensign Pugh and Captain Abbie McKeen, for instance.

Time fails to tell of the enterprises that have been brought into force against the powers of darkness, or we might enlarge copiously on the work of the Flying Squadrons, Praying Gangs, New Canadians, Mountain Outriders, Harbor Brigades, Camp Meetings, Canvas Warfare, etc., etc., almost ad infinitum.

## Our Field of Operations.

INDOOR MEETINGS HELD (No.)..... 100,800  
ATTENDANCES..... 17,218,717  
MEETINGS HELD (Open-Airs and  
Indoor Meetings)..... 304,050

ANOTHER ungainly fact that has militated seriously against a rapid advance is THE ENORMOUS MAGNITUDE of our territory, as compared with the proportion of its population. The ground we cover consists of about 3,600,000 square miles. From ocean to ocean, with a small force, we wage aggressive warfare. The rolling of our drum echoes east to Bermuda, west to Victoria, north towards the Pole, and south to the 45th latitude.



Among the fearless fisher-folk and miners of West-Island (Isle de Terre) our Corps have been opened.

"A PEOPLE UNIQUE IN THEMSELVES," a writer describes us, comparing this half of the great continent with the other, and we are tempted to quote on a little further, "To the world at large they exhibit an aggregation possessing all the virtues of contentment . . . with the highest standard in education and in professional life, with a financial record unblemished, with industry, energy and integrity of purpose apparent on every hand, it would seem that so far as the people themselves are concerned nothing is needed for the substratum of a great nation." These are truths concisely put, and full of force, nevertheless there is another and more difficult side to the matter, and we have had to face the fact that there is a constant stream of emigration to the other side of the line of many of the brightest, and best, and the most aspiring spirits, to a country where the chances of success are much higher. As a necessary consequence our population is seriously influenced. The fact that the Army has not only maintained its ground but advanced in towns and districts where things are at a standstill, or decreasing in numbers, speaks with no uncertain sound.

## The Spiritual Horizon.

TOTAL NUMBER AT THE PENITENT-FORM—41,177.

WHAT a moment of moments that is when the new-born soul arises and stands before the penitent-form "GOD-CONQUERED," with his face up-turned to heaven," sublime in its importance, eternal in effect!

Whilst the statistics of soul-saving work bring us cause for unutterable thanksgiving, there are a thousand and one items of spiritual advance that cannot possibly be entered into. There have been great silent influences for good that have permeated the whole community, matters that cannot be reduced to pen-and-ink percentage. The moulding and directing of public sentiment, for instance, facts upon which no figures can be given, yet vital and far-reaching in accomplishment. Setting solid the groundwork for material advance in the future, and enhancing "the power that makes for righteousness." All said and done, an enormous part of what has been achieved during this four years' fight must remain for ever unheralded. The world will never realize the effect the Salvation Army has had upon it until it is taken out of it.

Who can calculate the ultimate re-

sult of some of our God-governed holiness meetings, or all-nights of prayer, where earth has once more seemed in touch with heaven; where our soldiers, conscious of their own necessity, have held on to the power of Jehovah in importunate entreaty, coming by faith into deeper, truer knowledge of the love of Christ, the principles of the religion of Jesus Crucified, and His requirements. Our forces have realized as never before that if a man wishes to live out the beauty of the crucified life it will mean nothing less than death to all self-interest and self-indulgence.

The spirituality of the Canadian Salvation Army is of that character which shows itself most in PRACTICE.

## The New Form of Administration.

THE inauguration of the PROVINCIAL SYSTEM has unquestionably proved the key to a most difficult situation.

On the Commandant's coming he found an expensive and heavy Territorial Headquarters, which was nevertheless altogether necessary for the administration of the Field.

After prolonged cabinet consultation our leader proposed to institute a system of Provincial Government in the place of the Divisional plan then in operation.

This was soon carried into effect, and a welcome revolution resulted. Provincial Secretaries were appointed, each Province possessing and supporting its own Headquarters, and being sub-divided into districts, the officers of each, in addition to the district oversight, attending to the work of his corps also.

By this arrangement of home rule the burden of government was distributed more evenly upon the Field, and the pressure lightened upon the over-taxed centre.

The benefits accruing from this new move were manifold. The Field came immediately under a far more thorough oversight. Naturally it must follow that more capable men would be appointed as Provincial Secretaries than could be afforded for Divisional officer-ship. The best men were ensured for the best corps, and a number of rising and deserving younger officers had the door of responsibility and promotion opened to them as they could have done by no other means. Moreover, all these improvements were assured to the Field without any additional expense, while Territorial Headquarters was relieved from a positively fast tending towards bankruptcy.





COLONEL HOLLAND,  
Chief Secretary.



BRIGADIER JACOB,  
General Secretary.



Major Birce,  
Private Secretary to the Commandant.



Major Curran,  
Editor of 'The War Cry'.



Major Bond,  
Financial Secretary.



Major Bond,  
O.C.

## The Circle Corps System.

CONSISTING OF 127 BRIGADES AND OUT-POSTS, AT WHICH 18,000 MEETINGS ARE HELD YEARLY.

WHILST in the march of progress a scheme here and there may not appear to be fulfilling all our expectations, others are fully making up for the deficiency by the success that has marked their efforts.

The system of Field Oversight which was inaugurated by the Commandant, after Court Sessions of the most cautious investigation, has proved itself a reasonable and practical policy, with results far-reaching and beneficial. Although the strides of advance that were expected have not been fully realized, the pressure on the smaller corps has been wonderfully lightened.

The experiment arose through the increasing difficulty of keeping a self-supporting society in little spots with a population insufficient for its maintenance. It was therefore suggested that the smaller corps should be arranged in groups in charge of the Field Officer and his lieutenants, who, having fixed quarters for himself in one locality, should be responsible for the whole district, continually rotating from place to place, whilst each village should possess its own brigade, one flag, and one local officer, shouldering its finance, blighting its officer, and stabling his horse during his passing visits.

In this, as in almost every direction, the shortage of officers has told against us heavily. The great need has been more men. It was feared at the out-start there might be much difficulty in acquiring rigs, and to supply the men with horses. The difficulty has been rather to supply the horses with men. Extensions have been planned in many directions on this system which could not progress properly for want of fighters only.

## Special Efforts.

NO PLUNGING AT RANDOM.

"I CAN," and "I will," are a strong couple when they shake hands together in determination, but when that miserable little dwarf "if" comes between them, too often he separates the noble pair, and makes them as weak as a rope of sand.

Realizing the force of this fact the troops, in full view of mountains to be scaled, have braced themselves to the ascent, with the war-note "WE MUST," and "WE SHALL," absolutely resolved that there should be no "if" at all in the question. In consequence our advance has been simply astonishing. The most sanguine amongst us could scarcely have mustered faith to believe that in four years' time we should have more than doubled, on our S.D. income, comparing it with the year 1891—\$11,430.51.

According to the proverb that "he

who fishes for minnows will never catch whales," the standard has been set undoubtedly high, but the comrades have answered to the Commandant's rally as powder answers fire, convinced that a high target is necessary to the man who would become a crack shot, or a goal to the one who would run a race.

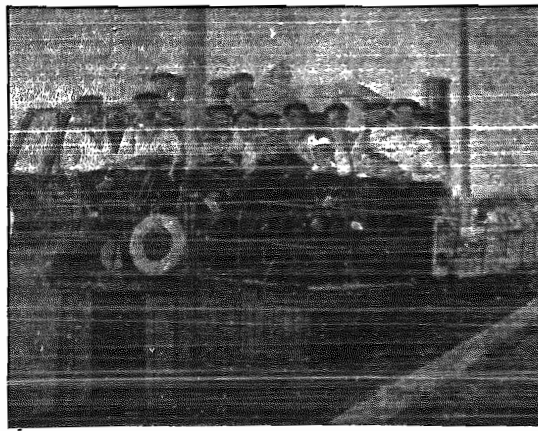
In our Self-Denial and Harvest Thanksgiving Campaigns, etc., our efforts have been not only to reach the pockets of the wealthier people, as well as to unburden our own, but to enthrone the indifferent half of the world with a little of that Divine compassion for the dreary other half, that sent our Saviour to the Cross. We have tried to represent the condition of the "Have-nots" to the "Haves," in order to inspire them to help.

## Self-Denial.

CASH RAISED.—1892, \$14,501.01—1893, \$18,690.57—1894, \$21,708.22—1895, \$25,035.45.

NOTHING less than this passion of pity and enthusiasm of self-sacrifice has been the charging-step to which our forces have advanced to strike their targets and surprise the enemy.

Each successive year the week set apart has been marked with increasing energy, push, enthusiasm, consecrated daring, and common sense.



CREW OF THE "WILLIAM BOOTH," with THE COMMANDANT and ADJ. MCGLAVERTY, her Commanders, on deck. Building across Falmouth Harbor, N.S. The ship was built by the H. Lawrence and among the thousand islands, touching all along on both sides of the shore.

One is filled with admiration at the absence of self-seeking among the soldiers. We might point the world to the nobility of our forces in Newfoundland. At a time when the whole community was threatened with financial ruin, when the entire colony fairly writhed in the throes of bewildering panic, when, as a soldier expressed it, bread was locked up and the key lost, even then our brave do-or-die companies raised no less than \$500 on the strength of the faith that "laughs at impossibilities and cries it shall be done."

"I should be counted a THIEF by the

great Almsgiver were I to withhold that which I wear from him who has greater need of it than I," said the noble Francis of Assisi on one occasion when in the bitter cold he stripped himself of his cloak to give it to a poor man whom he met. He was an invalid at the time, and his companions remonstrated with him. "It is fitting," he said, "that I should restore this cloak to this poor man, for it is his, and I accepted it only till I should find some one poorer than myself."

To-day ten per cent. of this spirit among the "Haves" would be the salvation of the "Have-nots." So says Mr. Stead.

"The holy supper is kept indeed, In whatso we share with another's need."

This principal of faith, reduced to daily practice, has produced the net sum of money in successive years to this noble total—\$80,615.25.

## Harvest Festivals.

CASH RAISED.—1892, \$3,053.21—1893, \$6,077.40—1894, \$7,102.88—1895, \$9,763.77.

IN our vast country of agriculture it can easily be conceived that there are many people who are too poor to help in cash, who are only too glad to give generously in kind.

Whilst one might be inclined to question the assertion that the farmer is the only independent member of society,



ple that the Lord required from His people a portion of their products and possessions as a thank-offering. The fact has been impressed that there is no less a call for this practical piety to-day, and the response has been more gratifying than we might have dared to hope.

The grand total received from the sale of the beautiful fruits of the earth contributed by friends and soldiers in towns and villages has amounted in total to \$26,015.26.

Finance in the Army has been distinctly a hard struggle, but no doubt the whole country has been equally affected, and our success is the more remarkable.

But apart from mere financial achievement it has been a week most remarkable for exceptional soul-saving and rich spiritual blessing.

## The Light Brigade.

GRACE ASKED BECOMES GRACE BESTOWED.

TOTAL RAISED UP TO DEC '95—\$6,000.78.

"GIVE YE THEM TO EAT," said our great Director, rebuking the disciples when they would have sent the multitude away to buy for themselves. If then our Saviour was so thoughtful for the TEMPORAL WEL-

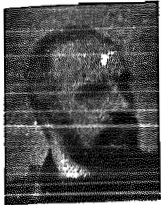


FARE of the masses, as well as the SPIRITUAL, shall we not also follow His example? Is the threadbare excuse to be forever pleaded that "Charity begins at home?" How long will people persuade their conscience that their whole duty to their Father in Heaven is performed in a few muttered words of acknowledgment over a table super-abundantly supplied with food, whilst their brother starves within a stone's throw!

God deliver us from the small-minded, shrivelled-up, pinched selfishness that excludes everything but us and MINE! Christ looked after THE MULTITUDES, as well as His own chosen few.

Charity begins at home, it is true, but it does not END there—it is simply THE BEGINNING!

Tens of thousands of inviting little boxes have been distributed broadcast under an excellently worked system, known as THE LIGHT BRIGADE, and it is one more of the many statesmanlike plans organized for the financial extension of the war. Based on the Saviour's principle that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," it has proved a success beyond our expectation. The small boxes have returned to the centres bringing with them a substantial sum for the Social Work, in response to the (unobtrusive little petition on the box): "PLEASE GIVE ONE CAN," and "PLEASE allow this collecting box to stand upon your dinner-table." It is a fair sign of the universal sympathy towards our Social Work that in one Province at almost every railway station our Grace Before Meat Boxes can be seen chained neatly to each buffet office window, an unobtrusive but emphatic little preacher in its own right and uncounted throngs.



Brigadier Margotta, W. O. P.



Major Bennett, N. W. P.



Major Sharp, N. O. P.



Major Collier, recently Social Secy.



Major Friedrich, Pacific P.



Major Morris, E. O. P.

We deeply regret that the photo of Brigadier Scott, of the Eastern P., was prevented from appearing through a mishap in the Printing Establishment.

## Junior Warfare.

"**A**T the season when we are young in years"—to quote Carlyle once more—"the whole mind is, as it were, fluid, and capable of forming itself into any shape that the owner of the mind pleases to allow it, or constrain it to form itself into." What a shortsighted policy it is then to underestimate the work among the children! It is so easy to forget that these "duodecimo editions of human nature," as somebody puts it, are nothing less than the men and women in miniature of the next generation.

Never has the junior warfare been pushed into notice as during the Commandant and Mrs. Booth's regime; never has it been so increasingly prosperous in every way as now. Thank God, the day is past when this vital branch was regarded as of secondary importance. Although we confess with sorrow that until recently it has suffered not a little in the face of so many urgent problems that appeared of more pressing moment.

The complicated pros and cons have been closely investigated, and the whole question thoroughly threshed out. Practical conclusions were arrived at with the unanimous decision that there must be a solid and sustained advance, with our goal nothing short of the salvation of the children of this country for full consecration to the war.

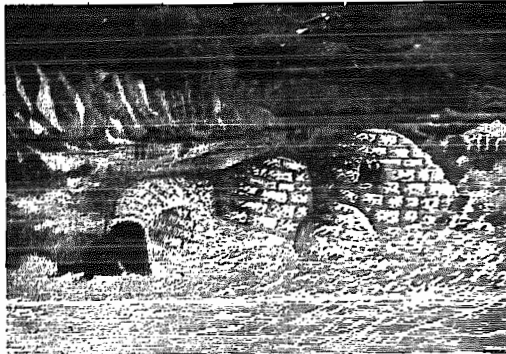
## Our Navy.

"**SALVATIONIST.**" ORIGINAL VALUE. \$2 000  
 "GLAD TIDINGS." " " 250  
 "WM. BOOTH." " " 2,750

**T**HE NAVY has trebled. To the "Glad Tidings," a small schooner then working off the coast, has been added "The Salvationist," a much larger craft, better adapted to stand the rough seas and fitted to unfurl the Gospel flag among the Newfoundland and Nova Scotian fishing fleets, the Esquimaux and the Indians. The



"William Booth" has also been purchased and launched, and in spite of misfortune at the outset is in better seafaring condition than ever, doing excellent service attacking sin by water, cruising from port to port on our stupendous inland seas. The immensity of our larger lakes is scarcely realizable. The area of fresh water is no less than 72,700 square miles in four lakes alone. In one season only our yacht travelled from one end of Lake Erie to the other, and fourteen times across, as well as on other main lakes, touching at towns and villages along the shores, welcomed everywhere, making forays into the land of Stars and Stripes, reaching vast masses of human beings, with a good band and the message of salvation, whilst at the tap of the drum the children, altogether, have swarmed in millions, whilst people packed the street and lined the sidewalks. Moreover, a donation of \$1,000 with the promise



AMONGST THE ESQUIMAUX, in loobound regions, we have kindled a flame of Jesus' love.

for a second thousand, has already been offered towards a steamer for British Columbian waters.

## The Frozen North.

LABRADOR.



O that lone land with its strange mystery of ice and silence our prayers of faith have followed the skipper and the brave crew, whether cruising among the bronzed and breezy fisher-folk from Newfoundland, or starting the Gospel-fire among the squalid Esquimaux; whether waiting beckoned by the wind, or tossed in its fury sky-high where the sea dashes over the lighthouse tops; or sharing the fisherman's life, faring thankfully on hard-tack, fish and potatoes, returning to port only with the fleet when the schooners unload their thousands of seals in spring. Far, far away out to sea we have sent the message of the love of God to man, away to the bleak rocky shores of the Labrador we have

seen the "Salvationist" sail forth undismayed.

If not to the jaws of death we certainly sail in the teeth of the demon, for so wild are the rocky shores where our sailing vessel ventures in defiance of their frowning aspect, that the ancient navigators expressed their horror of the Straits of Belle Isle by marking it on their chart with the sign of a demon.

## Bermuda Invaded.

"**MONOTONY** is the bane of happiness and progress." Whatever causes may have agitated against us certainly we cannot count this into the catalogue.

In addition to numerous thriving new corps and



## Attack on the Nipissing District.

MANITOULIN ISLAND, SUDBURY, THESSELTON, AND SAULT STE. MARIE.

**T**HE NIPISSING DISTRICT until recently was practically untouched by the ARMY. But, today, the drum sounds as far as Sault Ste. Marie, and many

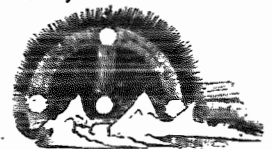
other new openings have been made in this region of vast mineral and timber resources. NORTH BAY was our first established point of attack in the midst of a country of wood and water, water and wood.

If the forest products of Canada amount to over twenty millions annually, it naturally follows that a vast proportion of the community are formed of lumbermen and shantymen—men of the bush, who depart for the woods in winter and return with the melting snows of spring to the sawmills. Upon these lumber lands and timber limits the attention of the Commandant and his agents have been concentrated, and although there was not a remarkable flareup at the outset, the work has been steady and progressive; the miners and shantymen have rallied well around the Christ-ent lassie officers, with manly appreciation, to bid them welcome. Many a one has proved for himself what woodcraft means with Christ in the camp, whilst our songs of salvation have echoed through the forest, where the tree-tops bend and rock, and the crash of the falling hemlock responds to the blows of the axe.

Manitoulin Island is included in the advance. Excellent work has been accomplished among the Indians also.

## Iceland Pioneered.

**W**ITH our Apostolic General, we are learning to repeat "I know no distinction of race, color, or nationality."



In the last four years we have wonderfully enlarged our outlook. We are grasping in spirit the needs of the world; we are stretching out our hands beyond the circles we know; we are looking outside the confines of our own locality.

Strange lessons we have learnt in sorrow, nevertheless, they have prompted us to a larger conception of God's earth, and the claims the nations have upon us. To save the world is our Heaven-inspired ambition.

Illustration and page 11

The glorious standard of our God has been uplifted higher and still higher, while enthusiasm for the cause of Christ has taken fresh heart-hold.

# SOME LESSONS

OF THE

## Last Four Years.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON THE CANADIAN CAMPAIGN 1892-1896.

By the Commandant.



THIS issue of the WAR CRY practically closes an epoch in the history of our Army, the struggles and conquests of which may be said to be peculiar to anything yet recorded concerning it. Such a period should surely afford object lessons of no mean worth.

I propose to mention what appeared to me to be some of them.

### I.—Salvation by the Cross.

From the apparently insurmountable difficulties—both financial and otherwise—which confronted us at the end of '92 there appeared to me at the

parent humiliation in position on the part of many officers who had served long and faithfully. Canadian Salvationists will always have to rejoice that there was grace sufficient in the hearts of her leaders to stand the test.

The cross was accepted, and we leave behind us officers in Canada who will ever praise God that when the moment came for them to practice their oft-repeated protestations of obliviousness to rank and position, they set an example to the whole world, which God has credited by rendering them the honor of being the saviours of the Canadian Salvation Army.

And is it not always so in things affecting our personal histories as well as in the affairs of organization. Is there any salvation without Calvary? Even Christ could not save the world without His cross. Let us remember this. In my own life I have often found sacrifice to open the door of escape for the soul's dilemma. If you are in any doubt as to which of two ways God would have you take, be sure and take the way that appears to you to have most of Calvary in it, and you may be tolerably certain you have chosen the right course. If you are in perplexity on account of great things you seem unable to overcome, great crosses you fail to carry, first begin to carry the small crosses that are more possible to you, and the sacrifice of little will help you to the surrender of much.

I remember recently pleading with one of our officers who was exceedingly precious to me, whose soul was wrestling in the throes of a bitter and tormenting controversy. I asked, "Has it ever occurred to you that the way back to peace and rest may be in the direction of some cross you might volunteer to carry? Is there not some Calvary you could ascend where you could suffer as never before for the souls of others? If there is, why not prepare to go there? Perhaps in your sufferings for others you would find an antidote for your own grievances." What I said to that officer I commend to all my comrades on the field. Our Army here has been perfected through suffering. It is thus God wants to save and perfect us all. But, oh, for grace to go for the cross!

### II.—"It is Expedient that one Man should die for the People."

No one will think me guilty of self-praise when I say that to some extent my beloved wife and I have suffered something for Canada's sake. I only state the fact because I want to bring out its lesson. If you set yourself the task of bringing back to principle and truth and love those who have departed from them all, you can only expect to raise a good crop of enemies. Notwithstanding the fact that the real heroes are always those who stand by the right, there are any number of people who will come to look upon them as heretics just for so doing. A consideration with Jesus Christ when He contemplated His mission, perhaps greater than the cross, was the hatred of men which led up to it. But the hatred was a necessary consequence of the undertaking, and He accepted it; nor did He murmur because it came. "It is expedient that one man should die for the people." But there is another "It is expedient," behind this, it is that "the people" should be a greater consideration with sufferers than the "man," or himself. In other words, get "the people" upon your heart, and you will begin to see how small a matter is the question of your

own interests. If the people are saved what matters it that you have suffered in the saving of them?

III.—Humiliation is the real road to Exaltation.

Our history the past four years has surely proved this before the eyes of all. Although our new system of oversight necessitated the apparent stepping down of many who held very high positions, speaking generally, I know of no officer who does not now occupy a position of greater trust and responsibility than that held on our coming. God has once more exalted those who have humbled themselves. Oh, that we could learn for ever this lesson of spiritual progress!

Comrades, our real rank is recorded in heaven. Sometimes the titles of Army officers written in God's disposition of His forces do not tally with those entered on the rolls of the Salvation Army. It is possible for us to be bigger men down here than we are up there, and vice versa.

God's promotions are not the answer to our plannings and pushings and ambitions, but the recognition of our self-abasement and the secret service of our hearts. The uniform of those upon whom He has set His very highest honors has often been sackcloth adorned with ashes. Think of the fate of fallen comrades who set out to seek their own promotion, and take warning. Humility and honor go together in the service of God.

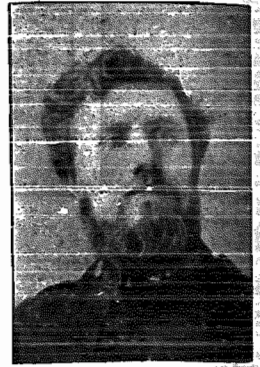
### IV.—Do the Best You can, and don't Worry.

Through all the many dreadful complications of the past four years, when it has required all but the gift of miracles to avoid mistakes, the thought that God did not require more of us than we could give Him, has been an exceeding comfort to me. I have done the best I could, and done it with all my heart and might, and although I cannot say I have always been saved from worry, I have come afterwards to see how unnecessary that worry was. All that God asks of you and me in our position of trust for Him is that at any time, under any circumstances, we shall be able to say we are prayerfully doing the best we know how.

There is a keen temptation comes to all sincere souls, and to all those of strong desires towards God and man, to waste their time in useless reflections, and to be ever condemning themselves for not having done better than they did. It is a mistake, and such time and energy would be better spent in going straight on with the next business. God did not invest us with power to see the end from the beginning. When He sent us to our places He sent us to use all the judgment and sense we had, and to be sure and seek from Him all that He meant us to have. When we have fulfilled these behests let us rest in the belief that we have done His bidding, and leave the rest with Him. Remember, He can often do more by our apparent mistakes than with our much display of wisdom.

### V.—To Grind your Axe on Another Man's Stone is not Wise.

Of this there has been given us abundant evidence. Many a good man has gone down over another man's quarrel. It is, of course, better by far not to have an axe to grind at all, but if you should have one, then by all means grind it on your own stone and not on your neighbor's. Our history has taught us too often, that when a man gets across the Army and quits his post, and begins to turn the handle of discontent, a number of others who have nothing of his real state, and still less of the real causes of his dissatisfaction, but who have his grievances of their own, flock around the great stone of the rebellious one, and attempt to



T. B. COOMBS, OUR PIONEER COMMANDANT, whose ever-green memory will never cease to be cherished amongst us in affectionate gratitude. By his acquisitive business capacity, of which the very first Toronto Headquarters stands a fair sample, but all were by his simple faith, and intense spirituality, he has stamped an impression upon this country that time cannot efface.



COMPANDANT H. H. BOOTH.

time only one way of escape. The way out was via Calvary. It will be in the recollection of all that at those memorable Toronto councils in '93 God made us see that the cross was the only means by which salvation for our beloved movement could be effected. The new plan of oversight effecting the great economy which has so proved our financial deliverance, brought with it the demand for an ap-

taking, and He accepted it; nor did He murmur because it came. "It is expedient that one man should die for the people." But there is another "It is expedient," behind this, it is that "the people" should be a greater consideration with sufferers than the "man," or himself. In other words, get "the people" upon your heart, and you will begin to see how small a matter is the question of your





COMMISSIONER REES.—Immediately preceding the Commandant, he took hold at a moment of most critical import. With wise and painstaking administration he made careful soundings of the position of affairs and won the cordial confidence of the field, settling solid a groundswell for advance in the future.

sorrow of ultimate separation from the fold. Surely nothing is so unsafe as risking your own happiness and usefulness upon another man's quarrel, the true inwardness of which you can but imperfectly know. Again, axes to grind are dangerous things to keep in your possession. The man who can never bury his grievances is sure to finish with a smash. We cannot expect but that in our journey through life we shall be now and again wronged, but the true saint will forgive his wrongs, not store them up for vengeance. Better bury your axe than be always taking it down for re-sharpening. Let go the wrongs that have been done you, they are not worth keeping, and are not worth mentioning beside the injustices your Saviour suffered for you. While your opportunities for usefulness are not restricted, or your conscience insulted by demands upon it to do evil, what does it matter if you should enter heaven having laid aside some of your rights in the interests of peace and good will.

#### VI.—The Foundation of True Respect Lies in Goodness more than in Greatness.

The events of the recent past have also especially taught us this: Mere ability, although prized at the top figure by the narrow-sighted of the world, is in reality the shallowest of things. It is also, alas, often the notorious covering for a reality anything but admirable. Remember, there is a great distinction between what you *admire* and that which you *respect*. It is that distinction which renders it possible to admire what one cannot respect, but it is not possible to respect without admiration. Therefore we should let our convictions rather than our tastes control us, for we shall always find our respect rooted in goodness. It is not in us to cling to a fraud. However deeply our hearts may be entwined about those we have looked up to, we have only to see them depart from the truth and the ways of self-sacrifice for us to instinctively turn from them the respect of our hearts.

#### VII.—It Must Needs Be that Offences Come.

How that sorrowful prediction seems to have been realized in our dear Canada! If there are any people on earth who should have learned not to pin their hopes for eternity on the frail stay of humanity, it is you, my comrades, who have seen so many fall in whom you had trusted! Not that we in Canada have ceased to find comfort and strength in each other. We are a clinging people, but we have learnt, I trust, that our great hope as our supreme help is in God, and only in those whom He possesses and inspires. "It must needs be that offences come." Now you know what lies behind this declaration. It was a sorrowful statement made by the Master of *who* to *for whom* as a certainty, and He made it to *insure* His followers against surprise. He knew *how* His faith in Him was liable to be shaken by *the* and betrayal of those He

and they had trusted, so He forewarned them that they might not be distracted when these catastrophes overtook them. And so it seems to me our experience has taught us that God's religion and God's truth are not the less beautiful or binding upon us because of the sad havoc some make of their profession. If all men were liars God would still be true.

Beware of the surprise that paralyzes the faith of the soul! Sad and heart-rending as it is that there should be those who fall by the way, we must not permit it to cause us to pause in our own march to glory, nor must we unduly mourn them. Our duty to God and the Army cannot be altered by our brother's defeat, rather should we press on more devotedly.

#### VIII.—The Power of God as It is manifested in the Salvation Army.

What a marvellous evidence of this has been given us the past four years, and indeed down all the chapter of the Army's history in Canada! What floods and flames have surrounded us! What snares and traps have been laid for our destruction! What strifes within and strifes without have threatened us with extinction, and yet we are to-day stronger than ever!

Oh, is there not here an evidence that God carries on His work in spite of the indolence and loss of His workmen? I love to feel that the Army is the work of God, and that, if necessary, He will look after it regardless of the instruments He chooses to use. He will carry on the work either with or without us. That is for us to say, but He will

with greater concern than we can. The Army will march on. Canada is one of the very best evidences of that fact.

## MRS. BOOTH

Addresses a Farewell Letter to the Officers, Soldiers and Friends.



MY BELOVED COMRADES:

As the Commandant is writing I feel I must also add a few words to assure you once more of my love for you, and to tell you how much I rejoice in the noble way you have stood by our side, steadfastly true to the principles of the glorious fight.

It is a great disappointment that I cannot see you all face to face for the last time, to bid you God-speed. It would have been a true pleasure to me had I been able to express to you what hopes I have in my heart for your spiritual welfare and advance. What can I desire for you better as I go than this prayer—that you may tread the path of full surrender, for only a life that is rich in God and in goodness, can be rich in happiness. Every day I live I am becoming more and more confident that our highest enjoyment does not consist in what we *possess*, but in what we *ARE*. LET ABSOLUTE SURRENDER BE ENGRAVED ON EVERY FACULTY OF YOUR BEING.

Although it is no new thing for me to have to pack up my belongings and start out again on my journey, for, from my childhood, I have been hurried from one station to another, becoming a citizen of the world before I was five years old, nevertheless, we are all HUMAN, and cling to places we have learnt to love. Yet I can sing from the depths of my heart the little verse that I constantly remember on occasions like these:

"White place we seek, white place we shun,  
We find our happiness is none;  
But with a God to guide our way,  
The equal joy to go or stay."

Let us follow Him Who had not where to lay His head, Who was faithful in all points, Who fought against such odds and STILL FOUGHT ON EVEN UNTO DEATH.

There are so many people who are willing to follow Him for the leaves and fishes, but when it comes to Gethsemane or Calvary they prefer to leave it to somebody else! But you and I must make up our minds to stand true to His cause with unswerving devotion and unwavering fidelity through THICK AND THIN.

Oh! for a baptism of that sublime unconscionness that possessed our Saviour, that complete abandonment to sacrifice that inspired His footsteps from the manger to the Cross, till in the last hour of awful agony, His spirit fainting beneath the burden of a sinful world, even then—in that supreme moment of His passion on the tree—even then He could turn to deal with the soul at His side, pointing the dying thief to peace and happiness, comforting him, when for Himself every nerve and sinew was strained with anguish.

What majesty of pity and compassion! What sublime example for us all!

Oh, my precious comrades! let me ask you, once again, before I go, have you absorbed this spirit of Christ?—this principle of love within, strong in death true till death, this passion for the souls of others, this determination to be a blessing to the lost, to comfort the broken-hearted, to strengthen those who are fainting by the way?

Maybe I shall see you no more on earth when once the ocean rolls between us, but oh! shall we meet in heaven with a great crowd of those whom we have "pointed to the Lamb of God Who taketh away the sins of the world!"

It may seem almost too good to be true that you—and I—should be the means of leading thousands to the light, and yet, with the fire of the love of God, and with the indwelling of His Holy Spirit, the good we shall do will be infinite, unending, beyond our power of calculation! For whilst our tongues are human our inspiration is divine—  
God's Truth.



"Ever: Christ pleased not Himself."

—HER MOTTO.



MRS. H. H. BOOTH.



allow us to help it when He will not permit us to hinder it. He will carry it on with us, but will also carry it on *without* us, and there can be few experiences more bitter than to wake up and find ourselves "left behind."

Now, let this assurance that God is in the Salvation Army comfort and strengthen us. He is the supremely interested One, and is watching all



VICTOR and FERDINAND.—In addition to their eldest, Victor, our readers are taking with them two CANADIAN-BORN boys, Ferdinand and little Henry.

I feel I cannot do better than repeat to you the closing words of the last letter I received from our sainted Army Mother as she lay waiting on the threshold of the next world for her marching orders to the Heavenly Headquarters: "Oh, believe me," she concludes—and I can see again in memory the wonderful earnestness in those tender, expressive brown eyes—"believe me, this world, its sorrows and sin, its opportunities and responsibilities are REALITIES, which claim all your powers and all your influence for the service of Him Who has redeemed it. God be with you." Hold fast then. Remember that no one can win his crown by proxy. Stand by the Army. Be loyal to God, to the Holy Spirit, to the General, and your appointed Commissioner.

Praying that you may ever feel the satisfying love of Jesus.

Ever yours for a world-wide salvation,  
CORNELIE BOOTH.

#### J. S. Sergeants, Notice.

The Helms for J. S. Sergeants for June 7th will be found in the *Young Soldier* this week.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5].

Canada has materially assisted in the opening of this new country, furnishing the Army with an Editor from our ranks, and the only officer who could speak the language, in the person of Lieutenant Davidson, an Icelandic, converted in this territory.

"Enthusiasm," he wrote back on his outward journey, "enthusiasm, people thought, had run me into fanaticism, when I expressed the hope that I should see the S. A. standard floating in Iceland in two years' time. But my prophesy sprang into existence in such a hurry that I could hardly believe it anything but a dream. Yet here I am with my ticket in my pocket."

There-to-day he has the joy of seeing an organized force of active Icelandic Salvationists in this country of coffee-makers, of geysers, hot springs, and volcanic force, with its pure, clear atmosphere, and educated and sincere-hearted people.

#### The General's Visit.

A TRIUMPHAL PROGRESS OF SOME 8000 MILES.



NEVER BEFORE the Dominion recognized that in our God-appointed General we possess a leader inspired by the power of the Holy Ghost, a master-mind among men, uniting hearts, and hands, and nations, for the salvation of the world.

"Enthusiasm run riot," was the expression used to describe the scene on the arrival of our beloved patriarch and prophet. Certainly the fervor of affection was at white heat from the moment he landed at Halifax till he crossed the suspension bridge at Niagara.

All along the line of progress, from St. Johns, Nfld. to Victoria, B. C., his appearance was signalized by exuberantly cordial greeting from civic authorities, saints, sinners, and soldiery, with renewed baptisms for us of the spirit of service, and the brotherly love that FINDS ITS OUTLET IN LABOR. With a hundred and one vital concerns of the universal war every moment battling for the supremacy of importance, we felt he could nevertheless throw himself into the interest of the locality he honored by his presence.

Few earthly enconiums could have pleased us more than when we heard that the General had expressed himself most highly on the EXCELLENT DISCIPLINE of the troops in this country.

One of the most remarkable items of the historic councils of February, 1895, was the introducing by the General of the revival of the office of CHIEF SECRETARSHIP, and the re-appointment to the position of Colonel Holland, and also the installation of Brigadier Jacobs as GENERAL SECRETARY. The increase and development of the work had rendered it necessary to resuscitate the previous system that had been receded from in the earlier days of the Commandant's sojourn for the sake of financial economy at the Territorial Headquarters.

Among many items it might be mentioned how the General's train lay all day in a snow-drift, till provisions had run out. He travelled in all sorts of weather, and only missed one appointment, and that through being snowed in. In all sorts of conveyances, from an Indian jumper to a C. P. R. Pullman, sailing up the St. Lawrence and Bay of Quinte on the "Salvationist." The General also interviewed almost all chief men of note in the country, including the Cabinet Ministers at Ottawa.

#### The Commandant's Travels.

OVER 70,000 MILES BY ROAD OR RAIL, BY LAND, AND LAKE AND RIVER.

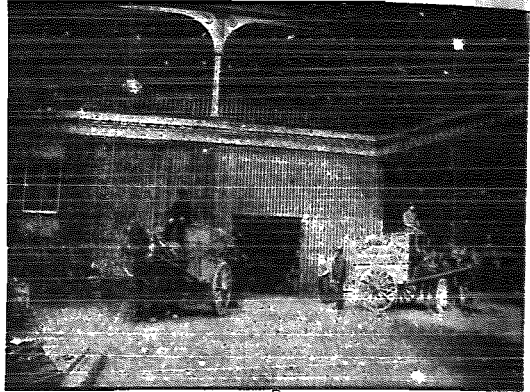
TO those accustomed to the cloistered walls of home, one can scarcely contemplate the almost fabulous distance covered by the Commandant on this continent without a sense of dizziness.

From Newfoundland to the Pacific he

has circled to and fro, and round and round, almost unwearyingly upon the wing. Sometimes accompanied by Mrs. Booth or Colonel Holland, sometimes with Major Jewer, Ensign McMillan, Ensign Morris, Brigadier Jacobs, Staff-Capt. Smeeton, or sometimes alone.

But in addition to the amount of country traversed, and to his public efforts, the arduous business of the administration of the whole Territory was personally attended to by the Commandant, for it must be remembered that until the revival of the

But, whether in the midst of the boiling enthusiasm of Newfoundland's nobility, helping to tear down half-kingsdom, or warmly welcomed at Vancouver, or returning to Toronto, or visiting again the troops of Manitoba and B. C., where they crowded the steps of the tourist car to catch one glimpse of their leader, wherever he has been the Commandant has left a mark for eternity, and thousands of affectionate soldiers and young converts have been inspired to fight the good fight of faith until they fall victorious in the trenches.



VICTORIA WOOD YARD.—"Last fall we opened this, bought a fine horse, wagon and sled, and so on, done a good trade this winter, with a promise of better things to follow. Quite a number of men have sent out different kinds."—MAJOR BENNETT.

offices of the General and Chief Secretaries, the affairs of the central government were attended to by himself.

He has spread the Gospel among Esquimaux, Indians, Jews, Italians, Germans, Negroes, French-Canadians and Chinese, interviewing Lord Aberdeen, Late Premier MacKenzie Bowell, Late Lieut.-Gov. Schultz, and many others.

He has whirled over rolling seas of prairie green, or thundered through the Rockies, the Cascades, and the Selkirk. On "that continent-spanner, the C.P.R.," he has swept up among the mountains, where the snow-capped peaks are lost in the clouds; crossing foaming torrents, or sweeping past dazzling glaciers into the soft-shadowed gloom of dense forests. Sometimes snowed in for days, and sometimes sweltering in the July heat; sometimes among the cool breezes of the Maritime Province; sometimes in the East, sometimes in the West; or crossing the Atlantic Ocean; or at last beneath the proud folds of the star-spangled banner in the Pacific Territory.

#### "War Cry" and "Young Soldier."

Present Circulation—37,000.

NUMBER OF CRYS SOLD—3,304,800.

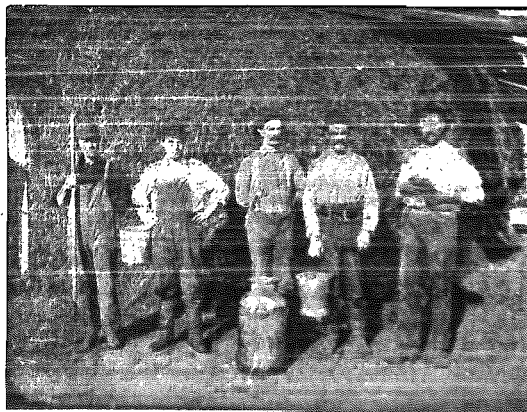
NOTHING in religious literature we repeat, can surpass the marvelous development of the paper warfare of the Salvation Army, with its world-wide circulation of millions. Its success has certainly not been achieved by pondering to the world, the flesh or the devil.

Our "WAR CRY," thank God, has been maintained entirely for God and humanity. From the date of its birth to the present issue it has been kept pure for the purpose for which it was intended. It is difficult to hold in the curb of enthusiasm as we look back over the thick volumes of good news matter, profusely illustrated, of our weekly paper during this four years. But we feel we are keeping well within the mark when we say that it has been a mighty pillar, helping excellently to extend the Kingdom of Righteousness.

#### "A Two-Cent Cry."

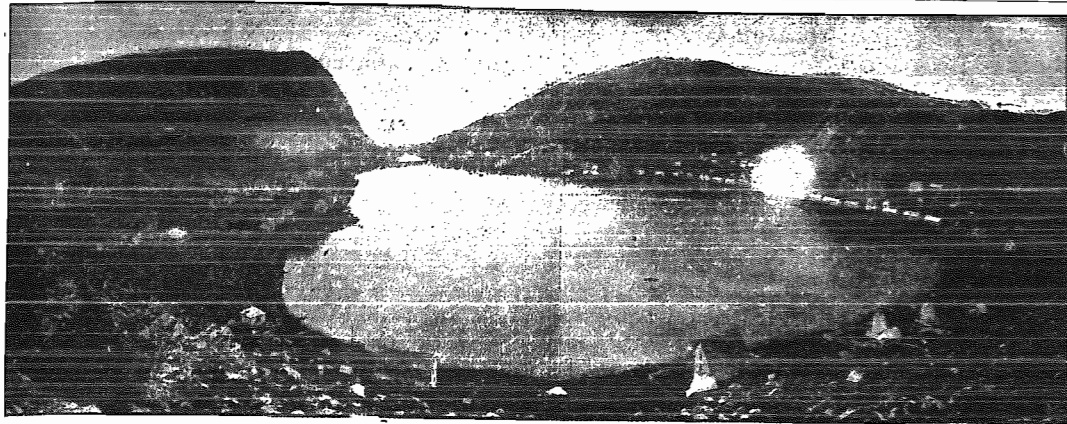
The difficulty of pushing the circulation, in spite of the acknowledged excellency of the matter, at last brought the Commandant to the conclusion that a five-cent weekly was beyond the purse of the crowd we wish to touch. "A PEOPLE'S PAPER at the PEOPLE'S PRICE" was the goal before us, and to bring the Cry within the reach of all it was necessary to reduce the sum.

The Anniversary Councils of this will be memorable in S. A. history for the exceptional earnestness with which the vital question was thrashed out. Both privately, and in public, every officer had been consulted, and at last the Commandant, with the courage of a nation, determined to hesitate no longer, but to face the tremendous task of so great a step, without turning back. The result was down the



TORONTO FARM BARN.—"We'll have a hot and dry winter, but when June comes the best will be had."





TILT COVE, N.B.—A mining district. 100 soldiers live here. The majority of our men soldiers work in the copper mines. The pond beside the bar is fresh water, divided by a bar at the mouth of the harbor from the salt sea.

Surely never in our remembrance has it been known for a paper to double its circulation in one ordinary week. But this is what was in fact accomplished. Our God-inspired officers arose to the occasion in do-or-die determination, and carried the situation at one swoop. In that record-breaking boom week the printing presses were running at top notch, and when 43,000 had vanished, some cried in vain for more.

This is a fact that must appeal to the most unbelieving. An enterprise worthy of the Commandant and our Spartan-like forces.

OUR SPECIAL NUMBERS have won shouts of approval from every side, and congratulation world wide has come to Canada in appreciation of the beautiful colored and litho'd supplements. Cordial and generous have been the comments of admiration bestowed upon our Editor and Publisher by both secular and religious press, especially our Easter Numbers, climaxed with the Commandant's and Mrs. Booth's literary and musical masterpieces, with high class workmanship, taste, and ability. "Artistically considered it ranks with the best Canadian production," said the *Templar*.

"THE YOUNG SOLDIER," too, is well read.

## HANDBOOKS.

HOW is it that we, a poor and hard-pressed company of the representatives of the Son of Man, have been privileged to rise up in example before a world of many money mastered professors of our Self-denial achievements? How is it that we have been enabled to cause the sentiment of thanksgiving in the heart of the farmer for the good gifts of God, to solidify into cash down for the extension of the war by our Harvest Festival? How is it we could mount our loud hallelujahs over another brilliant victory registered, when in one memorial week we bumbled up to double the circulation of our WAR CRY? How is it?

The answer lies in the one word—ORGANIZATION. The careful and comprehensive disposition of our forces on the basis of a systematic line of war.

These plans of campaign the Commandant's "Handbooks of Instruction" have splendidly supplied. These guides, being sent to each F. O. of the territory, have indicated the road to CERTAIN success, providing that each soldier in his turn is brought to face his individual responsibility, and rally to his share of a great whole.

By this means the regiments have been marshalled and systematized as surely as General Grant drilled his subordinates. Of course the cleverest leader cannot win a battle unless his soldiers respond to his wishes, but results show that the troops have answered their leaders excellently. The officers have been quick to recognize and appreciate the scheme of advance. With twin faith in God and zeal in the nobleness of self-discipline and sacrifice, and their faithful adherence to the plan has started the fire of success, while the

soldiers, answering promptly to the drill by their devotion to the Cross, have scattered their targets to the winds.

Especially one scans the great FAREWELL CAMPAIGN HANDBOOK, setting everything in full swing to win a goal from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

## MUSIC.

OF Herbert H. Booth as a SONG-WRITER it is impossible to speak without enthusiasm. Every movement, it is said, has its poet. The Army has many, and at the front rank stands the Commandant.

And in no less degree does this apply to Mrs. Booth, whilst with the strains of the "Jeffries" concertina, the harmonious piano, as well as with tuneful voices our leaders have roused the melody of heaven. "The number of songs composed by them to-day and echoed by tens and hundreds of thousands among the many-raced Salvation Army tribes would be hardly credible to the general public. Songs bright, and happy, and humorous; songs tender, pathetic, high-hearted; songs deep with solemn sublimity; and songs, above all, with the dauntless martial ring of the war.

Neither in this country has the turmoil of war caused the pen to be laid aside, as a glance at page eleven will prove.

"By the wonderful union of thought and feeling, by the beautiful ideas and fascinating phrases, by the individuality, force, and freshness stamped upon both words and melodies, the Commandant and Mrs. Booth are well entitled to the laurels of both POET AND MUSICIAN."

A multitude of verse-writers and composers have followed closely in their wake, and thousands of songs in print have wrought deeply into the enemies ranks, as well as by monster Musical Meetings, excellent string and brass bands, Jubal's Brigades, Songsters, Harmonic Hibernians, Singing Battles, solos and choruses, etc., etc. We have filled the land with music for the millions.

LASSIES BRASS BANDS also have had no small place among the novelties introduced. THE NEW SONG BOOK, compiled at the Commandant's direction, sold out its first edition within a few weeks of its birth.

## MRS. BOOTH

### Her Especial Branches.

"Talent is formed in solitude, but character in the storms of life."

LONG, long after she has left our land the songs of Mrs. Booth will echo in our midst; long after she has touched the shore across two oceans her words will be remembered. Her likeness will be engraved on many a lassie's heart; linked on with her teaching, it will serve as a perpetual spur to help us on to higher things.



It has been a heavy misfortune to the field that circumstances have prevented her from meeting more constantly with the officers and congregations of our widely scattered territory; but with three tiny boys demanding a mother's constant oversight, with a constitution very much undermined with repeated sickness, continuous travelling was an impossibility, especially in the face of the enormous distances to be covered. Nevertheless Mrs. Booth has visited not a few places, including Orillia, Hamilton, Montreal, Stratford, Brantford, Berlin, Stratford, Petrolia, and London, with unsurpassed meetings in Toronto. But in every town or city where she has appeared she has carried the hearts of the whole congregation with her matchless voice and depth of spirituality, leaving an impression that cannot be effaced.

Whether stormed to the front with the jubilant blastings of our delighted troops, or standing by the Commandant's side behind the scenes in the darkest hours of his administration, she has ever been the same, not only a source of comfort and inspiration, but a strong mainstay to the government, steadfastly heseeking the skies that the fire of the Holy Ghost might fall upon the field of fight, that the spirit of divine love and power might leave no chance for the frosts of indolence, selfishness, or pride to do their deadly work.

Not only in council with the women officers face to face, but with her pen in constant correspondence with both Staff and Field, our leader has never ceased to do her best to ensure for each one individually her whole desire—A HEART OF GOLD. Not logical skill, or brilliant capacity for the platform, as she has often said, but true holiness, the indwelling fire of the Spirit of Christ. For many a day her soul-searching, cheering, and inspiring letters will be treasured and re-read as though they were sacred.

With an ancestry like the brave people of Holland, who for eighty years fought and never flinched for the sake of their religion, with a mother who scorned to seek for her children a path of ease, and upon whose wedding-ring was inscribed a text of faith in God, and with a father descended also from the Huguenots, and a long line of military heroes, it is no wonder Mrs. Booth inherits a character of steel set against the enemies of all unrighteousness. By her power of character, as well as by her tenderness, by the warrior spirit that permeates her very being, our leader has proved herself preeminently endowed to develop and marshal the ranks of the sister warriors of such a battlefield as ours.

Her pamphlet on "REGULATION UNIFORM," for women, has had a marked effect in this matter, and has proved a boon indeed.

Another of the most surprising features of the four years' is the unexpected way THE LASSIES have come to the front of the fight under this leadership. One can scarcely credit the fact that women who are now vigorous, capable members of the Staff, were little more than shy, timorous, half-fledged cadets at her coming. Nevertheless so it is. We endorse the saying that "the next best thing to having a God in heaven is to possess an earthly leader."

## RESCUE WORK.

ELEVEN EXCELLENT HOMES INCLUDING SIX NEW ONES OPENED. 1405 GIRLS ADMITTED—920 PROFESSED SALVATION. 172 ALSO RETURNED TO VICE.

THREE RESCUE operations among fallen girls are second to none in the world. The eleven Homes in various large cities have been under the special oversight of Mrs. Booth, who has thrown herself into this breach with the devotion of heroism, and is now well repaid by the showing of statistics of a multitude transferred from haunts of sin to a pure and happy atmosphere, housed, fed, trained and blessed.

Since Mrs. Booth took charge there have been six Homes opened, including Spokane and Helena, in the Pacific Province. During this time there have been 1405 girls admitted to the Homes, 1232 of these were sent to situations, restored to friends, or otherwise left as satisfactory, while 172 have definitely returned to vice. 920 have professed salvation.



Material in the Rough.

This work has all been done at a minimum of cost. During the past few years the salary drawn by our officers has only averaged a very small amount. This self-sacrifice must be understood to be appreciated. We count more for success upon the moral and spiritual influences brought to bear upon the inmates of our Houses, than upon temporal incomes or

prospects held out; such influences are feared at a cost of thought and energy which cannot easily be estimated.

In connection with each Rescue Home Mrs. Booth has established a NURSERY for the babes of the inmates.

The latest returns show an average of 40 inmates little ones PER MONTH starting fairly out upon their life's troubled sea.

THE HOMES are at Toronto, London, St. John, N.B., Montreal, Winnipeg, Halifax, St. Johns, Nfld., Ottawa, Hamilton, Helena, and Spokane.

## Women's Shelter, Creche, and Slum Work.

OUR Night Shelter for Women is conducted on much the same lines as our Men's Shelter. Cheap food and a clean bed was found during the first twelve months alone for 3,000 lodgers. Among these have been some of the most wretched and deplorable outcasts of the City, many of them old women requiring constant attention and loving watchfulness. The officers have often watched far into the night, toiling for and praying over these poor creatures.

A CRECHE or Day-Nursery has been arranged in connection with the Women's Shelter and the SLUM BRIGADES. Of these brave bands with their mop and pail, and under-the-surface achievements time fails to tell.

In connection with the Women and Children's Social and Rescue Institutions Mrs. Booth has issued an excellent booklet of Rules and Regulations for the Officers; whilst the large copy of Home Rules, for nailing to the walls, has been most warmly commended by the authorities, who everywhere are learning to appreciate more and more the assistance of the Salvation Army in dealing with the disposal of the criminal classes, and helping to stem the tide of poverty and sin.

## The Children's Shelter.

"I saw a little child along the road,  
And when its tiny feet with faltering tread  
Its parents flew to meet it—so does God."

IT is true that "a child's needless tear is a blood-drop on the earth?" Then alas, for the babes "not wanted," and alas, for their young girl-mothers, whose lives are embittered and blasted forever, whilst they themselves are scarcely out of childhood.

Think of the ghastly condition of despair a young mother must be in before her brain could be wrought up to effect this deed, which is but a couple to quote from the papers: "A girl, not having means to keep her baby, dug a hole and put her child into it. When the grave was quite filled in she sat upon it till she thought the little one was dead. The jury found extenuating circumstances somewhere, and a ten years' imprisonment was imposed. But, oh, the pity of it, that the earth should be made foul with such a blot, when it might have been prevented instead of punished. And to what extent is the Church of Christ responsible? Whose skirts are stained with the blood of these innocents who might be rescued?"

Dr. Mrs. Bennett's arrival the Toronto Children's Shelter was at once removed into a separate house in a purer atmosphere. The whole was entirely refurbished from funds collected by Mrs. Booth personally.

The rescue of the walls has needed much ingenuity to finance it, for the parents are so slow to pay for their plumed little ones, who are unable to do anything for their own support. They generally remain a long time, being the offspring of drunks and jail-birds, or deserted mothers.

True from their cradle days the sooty little lambs are taught that CLEANLINESS is a PASSPORT TO LOVE, and "his only happy to be good," while many have been adopted.

## The League of Mercy.

At the Sign of the Red Cross on a Crimson Ground.

Visits to Hospitals..... 400  
Visits to Jails..... 350

A CLEAR, new landmark is the LEAGUE OF MERCY. This is represented by bands of sisters who, with a wisely organized system, devote themselves to the visitation of the hospitals carrying pure literature, loving hearts and ministering hands, to cheer the sick ward or the tedious prison cell.

So great is the desire to get the WAR CRY that two women in prison went so far as to fight over who should have it (the sisters being short and unable to give one to each), coming off not without some bruises. The

Matron had to come and settle finally who should have it.

Also in the jails we cannot get enough to supply them; they like to be up to date, and are most particular to get the "current numbers."

In the hospitals our papers are almost eaten. One old man whom the L. O. M. visited, said that he had read his CRY through SIX TIMES and not missed a word, since their last visit (only the lapses of a week).

## SOCIAL.

### Food and Shelter Depots.

1,641,061 Beds and 300,508 Meals Have Been Supplied, and 194 Men Have Professed Salvation at Meetings Held in the Institutions.

FOR the DIRECTED and DEGRADED, for the sunken section of humanity, those who have lost their foothold in society, the Salvation Army has steered straight. It has been our pride and delight to do so in a marked degree in the past four years, and signal success has crowned our record.

In our seven Shelters for men we have dealt with many thousands of the lowest and worst, reaching them, certainly, with the Gospel of good food and clean, warm beds. These are at Montreal, Winnipeg, Victoria, Halifax, London, Toronto and Quebec. Many wind and weather-beaten men, stranded by the ebb-tide of fortune on the rocks of sin and crime, nightly avail themselves of creature comforts. These well-equipped institutions are under the most vigorous surveillance, well ventilated and lighted, with fumigating apartments, bath-rooms, reading rooms, etc. Six of these centres of salvation, social and spiritual, have been opened during Commandant's command. Whilst one more, at Hamilton, will be in operation in the immediate future.

remarkable, the most interesting, and the most fascinating with promise is OUR SOCIAL COLONY.

## The New Farm and the Old.

WHILST still in its earliest infancy, the Social Farm leaves little room to doubt that it should in due time become a stepping-stone to the broad plains of the West. When in cadence a little over two years its results proved sufficiently encouraging to justify our removal to a more extensive sphere.



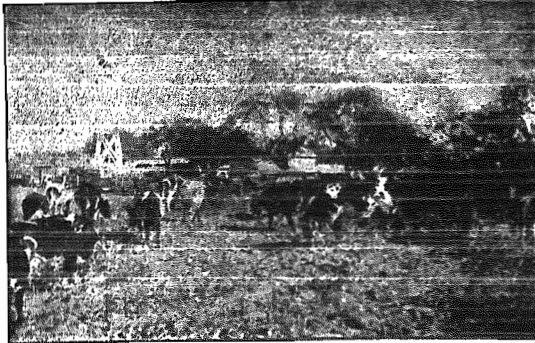
The land first leased at Little York, covering one hundred and twenty acres, we found was not the most suitable, being somewhat too sandy and broken.

THE NEW FARM is lot 14, 2nd concession West of Yonge Street, having a frontage of a quarter of a mile on Bathurst Street, running back to Dufferin Street, 1½ miles, 200 acres. The soil is a clay loam, all workable land. We have accommodation for forty-five cows, 200 hogs, and eleven horses. The first and foremost crops are to be grown to feed the stock.

A very comfortable homestead has been built for the men, fitted up in such a way that they rest contented and happy. Part of the house has been fitted up for a barracks. Since the opening of this building in January quite a number have professed salvation.

At any time, on any day you may choose to call you will find a jocular, good-tempered crowd—a set of men who seem to have learnt that God's sunshine was made for them. Good health and good fellowship abound.

At the close of the week the manager fills in a report on each man, so that his time-sheet



"It would be hard to find a fiercer herd of cows on any farm in this Province."—"Globe," Aug. '98, on S.A. Farm.

## Wood Yards and Labor Bureaux.

IN connection with these shelters are found busy wood yards, expressages, labor bureaux, and servant registries, whilst through the Enquiry Department scores of lost friends have been restored to their kith and kin. The PATRICK GATE work has dealt with 155 of ex-ail birds. 5162 have been found temporary employment, about 250 have gone to the farm, while 150 have passed through our Prison Gate Homes.

## "Put Him on the Land."

200 Acres Under Cultivation.

Fields, Fruit-Orchards, Market Garden, Herds of Cattle, Piggeries, and Poultry.

"BUT no mere effort," the Commandant continues, "for the unemployed of the city, however perfect, is going to work in the long run. It is OUTSIDE THE CITY the key to the riddle is to be found."

"What is wanted is an agency, which, gathering the worst around it, brings to bear upon them some influence resulting in a change of their desires, kindling self-respect within them, and then keeping from the city to the land where they can earn their livelihood, without imperiling the living of somebody else. Such an agency is the Salvation Army."

And among the thousand and one new efforts advanced to assist our wind-and-weather-beaten fellow-men one of the most

shows in black and white what he is really worth for work.

## Extension of Territory.

### Our Baby Province.

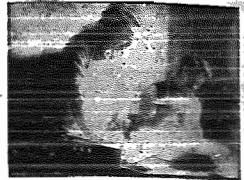
A COSMOPOLITAN YOUNGSTER

THE eleven months' history of our new Pacific Province has in it all the startling romance-like incident usual to pioneer Army work. Major Friedrich, renowned for his versatile genius and energetic business methods, landed at Spokane, the city selected for Provincial Headquarters, on June 14, 1895.

Douglas, Moscow, Dillon, Lewiston, Kalispell and Wallace, are amongst the list of places opened, the latest being the new famous mining centre, Roseland, B.C. The crowds amongst whom we work are cosmopolitan, but not more so than the officers, who are American, Canadian, Norwegian, Swedish, French, German, Scotch, English, and Newfoundlanders. There is very more ought to be chronicled, but space fails.

THE AREA OF OUR OPERATIONS in North-Western America is over 730,000 square miles of country, 140 cities, and a population of 500,000. It is situated across the line, a large and scattered district almost unoccupied. Half of it is worked from Major Bennett's Headquarters.

Major Bennett is one of the most practical and hardworking men on the field. Since his advent to the West "Progress" has been his watchword. Within the last thirteen months seventeen new corps have been opened, thirty-six new officers have been raised out of his Province, the Winnipeg Poor Men's Shelter has been fitted up and opened, and new barracks, at a cost of \$5,000, erected at Portage la Prairie, in a word—the West has bowed.



FOR THE TALENT SCHEME. How Mrs. Booth and her staff have improved their lot, and the results for the colony. (From a photo by the staff.)

## The Talent Scheme.

ON BEHALF OF THE OFFICERS OF THE TERRITORY, FOR THE IMMEDIATE RELIEF OF THE HARDEST PRECSED AND THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A PENSION FUND FOR ALL.

1895, \$993.51—10,000 Small Boxes Distributed, 1898.

THE Talent Scheme is an application of the old Biblical idea: HEADQUARTERS CAN ONLY HELP AS IT IS HELD, for a long while past the busy brain of our leader has been agitating a scheme of maintenance for those upon whose shoulders the burden of war falls most heavily, and for those who leave the work for honorable purposes. Last year the Commandant formulated careful plans and laid down certain regulations by which each soldier, and as many friends as possible, should collect on cards at least twenty-five five-cent pieces. The officer of each corps would then apportion it as he thought fit, give a much to each soldier, send money to be used in trading, etc. Thus the one talent could be easily doubled and trebled. Special meetings for the gathering of the talent money thus raised were held, the proceeds of the whole reach going to the benefit of the field office. This year next boxes have taken the place of cards, and as we write the cash is still coming in. The proceeds of this year's profits are to be again set apart for the field officers, half going to form the basis of a Pension Fund and half to clothing grants.

## An Over-Sea Colony Delegation.

DEEPLY and far-reaching was the interest aroused when the Commandant disappeared beyond the bounds of civilization over a trackless prairie land, into an unknown region of the west. Making us with the party of investigation sent to reimburse by the General in connection with the Darkest England Social Scheme, he travelled again some thousands of miles with Colonel Stitt, Brigadier Clifton, and others.

The return of the pioneer party was celebrated, the Commandant reporting with glowing exuberance a land crying out for action.

## The Press.

MANY of the leading journals of the land have wielded the pen on our behalf on the fire and force of enthusiasm, proving themselves our cordial and powerful allies. Amongst those we would most gladly mention in gratitude for their liberal sympathy are the *Templar*, *Ottawa*, *The Globe*, *Star*, *Empire*, *Winnipeg*, *Trillium*, *Western Farmer*, *Montreal Witness* and many others.

## Victory in the Law Courts.

"NO MALICE," SAID CHIEF JUSTICE ARMOUR.

WHILST grieving that antagonism and dissension should exist—any, especially that it should come to such an issue as a libel suit—we were very thankful to know that, being brought to undergo the investigation of severe legal inquiry, the Commandant and the Army were thereby honored from anything contrary to our Christian principles of action.

Chapman, teaching on THE JUSTICE FOR ALL, FREEDOM CANADA, PROPERTY, TRUTH, etc., and numerous illustrations, have been necessarily pushed out for lack of space.



"CARRY IT, JOHN JONES, THERE'S THE WAY."

The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another.

# A PAGE OF SONGS,

With Words and Music Composed by COMMANDANT and MRS. H. H. BOOTH for the "War Cry," During their Four Years' Sojourn in this Country.

### Room for Jesus.

1 Will you not make room for Jesus,  
Who is standing at the door?  
Will you heed His tender pleadings,  
And be happy evermore?

CHORUS.

Room, room, room, room,  
O sinner, make room in your heart!  
Room, room, room, room,  
O sinner, make room in your heart!

Will you not make room for Jesus?  
Other friends have entered in;  
Other guests have been well treated,  
Have you not a place for Him?

Will you not make room for Jesus?  
Other loves have left a void;  
But this Friend of all who sorrow  
Brings a gladness unalloyed.

Will you not make room for Jesus?  
Long entreating He has stood;  
Oh, what lasting peace would enter,  
If to-day you would.

Will you not make room for Jesus?  
He—the soul's entrancing Guest;  
He—Who to the weary offers  
Hope, and help, and light, and rest.

Will you not make room for Jesus?  
Who so well can fill thy breast?  
Who so beautifully thy spirit?  
Who so bid thy soul be blest?

Will you not make room for Jesus?  
Why, poor sinner, then delay?  
He is waiting for thy answer;  
Canst thou longer say Him nay?—C. B.

### Is My Cross too much for Me?

2 Is my cross too much for me?  
Is my cross too much for me?  
When I contemplate how bravely  
He endured the cross to save me  
From the sin that did ensnare me,  
Is my cross too much for me?

CHORUS.

No, no, no,  
I count no sacrifice too dear,  
I count no sacrifice too dear;  
Since Jesus died for a rebel like me  
No sacrifice I count too dear.

Is my cross too much for me,  
When I see His cross uprising,  
See Him shame and death despising,  
And with love His foes baptizing,  
Is my cross too much for me?

Is my cross too much for me,  
With His presence ever near me,  
With His love to bless and cheer me,  
And His faithful pledge to hear me,  
Is my cross too much for me?

Is my cross too much for me?  
Are the burdens that oppress me,  
Or the sorrows that distress me  
Greater than the gifts that bless me,  
Is my cross too much for me?

Is my cross too much for me?  
Swift the days of life are wearing,  
Soon will cease my burden-bearing,  
Then the glory ever sharing,  
Is my cross too much for me?

Is my cross too much for me?  
No, dear Saviour, I will never  
Shirk the cross, but bear it ever.  
Nought from Thee my soul shall sever,  
Leaving all I follow Thee.—C. B.

★★★★

### A Cluster of Fruit.

3 Oh, the beautiful, beautiful peace!  
Oh, the beautiful, beautiful peace!  
It changed my sad life,  
And soon ended all strife;  
It was beautiful, beautiful peace.  
It changed my sad life,  
And soon ended all strife;  
It was beautiful, beautiful peace.  
Oh, the wonderful, wonderful joy!  
Oh, the wonderful, wonderful joy!  
That came to my soul  
When my heart was made whole,  
It was wonderful, wonderful joy.

Oh, the heavenly, heavenly love!  
Oh, the heavenly, heavenly love!  
It melted my heart,  
And made coldness depart,  
It was heavenly, heavenly love.

Oh, the conquering, conquering faith!  
Oh, the conquering, conquering faith!  
It lit up the night,  
And made darkness take flight,  
It was conquering, conquering faith.

Oh, the glorious, glorious hope!  
Oh, the glorious, glorious hope!  
It checks every fear,  
And dispels every tear,  
It is glorious, glorious hope.—C. B.

★★★★  
Jesus Lives.

4 Have you heard the angels singing  
"Christ is risen from the grave?"  
Have you heard the message ringing,  
"Jesus lives to help and save,  
Jesus lives to help and save."

CHORUS.

Hallelujah, hallelujah!  
Jesus died, oh wondrous love!  
Rose again to bring us freedom,  
Lives to plead our cause above.

Have you felt the love He bore you  
When He fought for your release,  
When He trod the way before you,  
Opening thus the paths of peace?  
Have you watched Him interceding  
With His Father for your sin—  
Sorrow, self, and shame wheedling  
That His death your life might win?

Have you seen the sacred beauty  
That illuminates His face,  
While in love and not in dory  
He our sorrows did embrace?

Have you followed Him from glory  
To the suffering, shame, and loss,  
O'er the path so rough and thorny,  
To Golgotha and the cross?

Will you cast your soul before Him,  
Will you leave with Him your care,  
By your sacrifice adore Him,  
And as Conqueror meet Him there?—C. B.

★★★★

### The Grand Review.

5 The life we live is fleeting—  
The deeds we do remain;  
Our voices are but passing—  
Their echoes come again;  
And so throughout our journey here,  
Whatever we may do,  
For ever and for ever,  
Will pass in grand review.  
(Repeat for chorus.)

The wrongs we do will follow,  
And face us o'er and o'er,  
The sins of life will greet us  
On death's eternal shore.  
The dreaded, long-forgotten  
crime,  
The deeds of  
pride and  
shame,  
For ever and  
for ever  
Will tell their  
tale again.

One act of gentle kindness—  
A loving word returned,  
Will prove of greater value  
Than earthly fortunes earned.  
The soul inspired by pure desire,  
However fierce the strife,  
For ever and for ever  
Shall wear a crown of life.

And so not all the places  
Of earth's applause or power  
Can win for us the sceptre  
In heaven's breaking hour;  
The motive of our blood-washed hearts—  
The deeds we daily do,  
For ever and for ever  
Will bring us conquerors through.  
—H. H. B. and C. B.

★★★★

### The Cry of the Lost.

6 O'er the dark and cruel regions,  
Where the slaves of sin abound,  
There are voices ever calling  
From the ruined, crushed and bound,  
There are wrongs that need redressing,  
There are foes who challenge fight,  
There are giants need repressing,  
Darkened souls who need the light.

CHORUS.

His blood can make the vilest clean,  
His blood avails for me.

If we knew the bitter anguish  
Of the hearts with sorrow riven,  
Could we number all the thousands  
Who to dark despair are driven;  
Could the tears that fall in millions  
Tell us each their tale of woe,  
We should linger not in rising  
To defeat their deadly foe.

From the mouths of hungry children  
There are voices bid us arm,  
From the haunts of squalid misery  
There are cries that sound alarm;  
From the broken hearts that linger  
Ere they drop into the grave,  
There are notes of earnest pleading—  
Are there none to help and save?

Widows' wail, and orphans' sorrow,  
Drunkards' gloom and dying groan,  
Cheerless homes, and  
homeless children—

Did you make this  
cause your own.

Now the hour is  
come to rally,

And to set the cap-  
tive free;

Heaven and hell  
inquire and won-  
der

What your an-  
swer's going to  
be.

For the little ones  
who languish  
At the drunken  
mother's breast;

For the prodigals in  
anguish,  
Seeking hopelessly  
for rest.

In the name of Him  
Who enshined  
in the least, and  
even you—

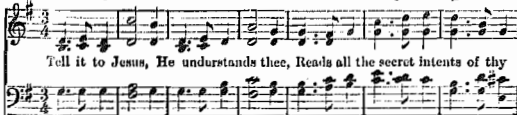
If you feel His  
claims are press-  
ing,

Tell Him now,  
what will you  
do.—C. B.

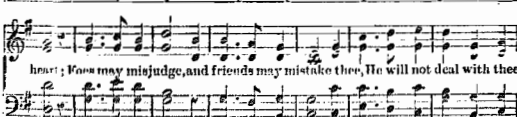
## Tell it to Jesus.

Words and Music by COMMANDANT H. H. BOOTH.

*Moderato, mp.*

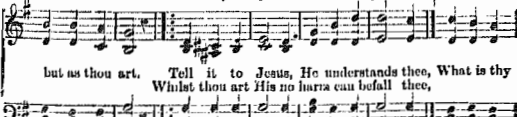


Tell it to Jesus, He understands thee, Reads all the secret intents of thy

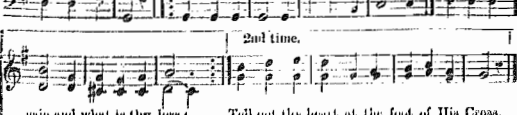


heart; Know may misjudge, and friends may mistake thee, He will not deal with thee

CHORUS *mf Allegretto*



but as thou art. Tell it to Jesus, He understands thee, What is thy  
Whist thou art His no harm can befall thee,



gain and what is thy loss; Tell out thy heart at the foot of His Cross.

Tell it to Jesus, He understands thee,  
Knows all thy sorrows, and sees all thy tears,  
Knows all the hidden powers that withstand thee,  
Knows all thy tremblings, thy doubts and thy fears.

Tell it to Jesus, He understands thee,  
He can explain every mystery of life;  
He can unravel tangles that try thee,  
He can speak peace 'midst the turmoil and strife.

Tell it to Jesus, He understands thee,  
Seeks by His Spirit to perfect thy soul;  
Sorrows and trials He sends to refine thee;  
Tell Him thy case, not in part, but the whole.

Tell it to Jesus, He understands thee,  
Hides not thy faults, and excuseth not thy sin;  
For in the Day of Account He will greet thee,  
Not as thou art from without, but within.



